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Vol. II.
No. 73.

APRIL 6,
1877.

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"SARDANAPALUS."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"SARDANAPALUS" IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Without doubt the production of "Sardanapalus" is the most interesting occurrence in connection with the history of the drama which has occurred for a long time.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

In Mr. Calvert's production of "Sardanapalus" he has scored so great a victory that Lord Byron himself, could he have seen the great success, would probably have been brought over to Mr. Calvert's side of the argument. . . . Mr. Calvert's own histrionic contribution of "Sardanapalus" is pitched in a bold key of sparkling cynicism and sceptical good nature, which exactly suits the character.—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

"Sardanapalus" is one of the instances in which actual representation on a grand scale of picturesqueness heightens the effect of the poet's conception.—*Manchester Evening News*.

By the production of Lord Byron's tragedy at the Alexandra Theatre, Mr. Calvert has removed all doubt as to the practicability of making "Sardanapalus" a playing drama. . . . Mr. Calvert makes as few sacrifices as possible to mere theatrical effect, being content to let the truth speak for itself. . . . The whole revival is a decided success. Mr. Calvert was called to the front several times. There was no mere make-believe about the plaudits, which were a genuine outburst of popular enthusiasm, even the occupants of the dress-circle not being above waving hats and handkerchiefs.—*Liverpool Courier*.

The house presented a dense mass of humanity, and we think Mr. Calvert will always remember the enthusiasm of his reception.—*Manchester Critic*.

Every intellectual playgoer must feel that the performance of "Sardanapalus" is an omen of good import, as it is beyond doubt the most complete and successful venture in the ambitious attempt at reviving the classic drama.—*Liverpool Mail*.

The work on which Mr. Calvert has thrown his skill and energy is one that justifies all the pains bestowed on it.—*Liverpool Weekly Albion*.

In some respects, "Sardanapalus" has been mounted more judiciously than any one of Mr. Calvert's previous Revivals. . . . Mr. Calvert's "Sardanapalus" is one of his most intelligent and intellectual imper-

sonations, and—as is the case in every important character he assumes—there is unmistakable evidence of careful and thoughtful study.—*Manchester Examiner*.

In Byron's day Nineveh was practically unknown, but later discoveries have given us so graphic a picture of the old Assyrian life, and Mr. Calvert's task has succeeded in illustrating the immortal work with so much light, life, and local colour, that this modern revival is a most brilliant success. . . . The "Sardanapalus" of Mr. Charles Calvert was a graceful, intelligent, and powerful performance.—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

In placing "Sardanapalus" on the stage, Mr. Calvert has attempted another classical revival of very ambitious aims. . . . The result is eminently satisfactory. . . . The tragedy itself possesses extraordinary interest, and is in the highest degree realistic. It fulfils the mission of true art by educating the intellect and developing a taste for the beautiful.—*Birmingham Daily Gazette*.

Mr. Calvert has succeeded in giving us a most life-like reproduction of that old empire which, more than 2,000 years ago, held the world in awe. . . . One's admiration of the care and expense lavished on the production increases each time it is seen, and down to the merest detail can be discovered the amount of earnest study and research and infinite labour which Mr. Calvert must have devoted to it to produce the piece so perfectly.—*Birmingham Daily News*.

"Sardanapalus" will be long remembered as one of the most striking representations that has ever been witnessed in Glasgow. . . . All lovers of art may find pleasure and profit in witnessing it. . . . Mr. Calvert's portrayal of the hero is of the very highest histrionic art.—*North British Mail*.

No playgoer should miss seeing this grand spectacle, and how a dexterous manager can grapple with a most difficult work.—*Glasgow Herald*.

From first to last it is full of things that attract and enchain the dazzled and bewildered eye. The hand of a master is manifest through all.—*Glasgow News*.

"SARDANAPALUS" IN IRELAND.

For the first time "Sardanapalus" was placed upon the stage at the Theatre Royal. The house, notwithstanding the nature of the weather, seemed as if half the city had turned out to witness the Assyrian revelations which the play given scope for exhibiting. The time, study, and expense which has been given to the arrangement of the entire work is astonishing.—*Morning Mail*.

"Sardanapalus" has been revived—we should almost say created—by Mr. Calvert, and the effort, apart from the success, does him infinite credit. The appointments are superb. A finer piece of visional wonderment can hardly be conceived. The house was the largest of the season.

OPINIONS OF THE AMERICAN PRESS on the production of "SARDANAPALUS" by Mr. Calvert, at Booth's Theatre, New York.

Mr. Calvert's arrangement of the piece is excellent; his cutting of the text has been done with unquestionably practical judgment. . . . There is abundant success in the revival. All sorts of people will be pleased with the performance; it has just enough of the classical to hit the fastidious abundance of the sensuous for the volatile, and colour and beauty, light and music, mirth and pleasure for all.—*New York Tribune*.

The record of stage affairs here is filled with but one subject—"Sardanapalus." . . . *New York Correspondent of Era*.

The scenic arrangement shows off Mr. Calvert's knowledge of stage effect most admirably. . . . We are not used to such accuracy in these details of archaeological research, nor to such care in working up the supernumerary elements forming the body of this grand picture of twenty-four centuries ago.—*New York Times*.

The performance of "Sardanapalus" is an event in which every lover of English literature will take pride.—*New York Herald*.

Calvert has done wonders.—*Evening Telegram*.

Mr. Charles Calvert, under whose direction this revival has taken place, is evidently not alone a close and careful archaeological student, but an artist of refinement and experience.—*New York Express*.

It was literally crowded from floor to ceiling.—*Freeman's Journal*.

It is like new life to the stage to find a dramatic work of the highest genius like Lord Byron's play of "Sardanapalus" presented to the public, even in an adapted and spectacular form. The Dream of Hades was declaimed by Mr. Calvert with great power—a masterpiece of acting.—*Daily Express*.

Mr. Charles Calvert played the king with uncommon effectiveness, and was twice called before the curtain to receive the cheers of the largest audience we ever remember to have seen in the theatre.—*Saunders's News-Letter*.

There can be no doubt of the success of the play. The spectacle is what persons will go to see, and is the finest ever seen on the American stage.—*Evening Post*.

Has Mr. Calvert shown tact and skill and respect for the author in thus adapting "Sardanapalus"? I at once accord him fervent praise for his excellent labours in this matter.—*New York Sun*.

Lord Byron's "Sardanapalus," adapted for the stage by that distinguished scholar and archaeologist, Mr. Calvert, was produced before an overflowing and fashionable audience. . . . The spectacle is gorgeous; in fact, the resources of art seem to have been exhausted.—*Sunday Democrat*.

This superb spectacle has evidently settled down for a long run.—*Daily Graphic*.

Equally gratifying opinions have been expressed by the Press of Philadelphia, and other of the United States in which this revival has been produced.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

Vol. II.—No. 78.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SALFORD IS ON ITS TRIAL.

WHEN, about three years ago, Salford was called upon to send representatives to Parliament, it elected a good man in the person of Mr. Cawley, whose lamented death took us all by surprise at the beginning of this week. Mr. Cawley was a gentleman who won esteem and praise by honest and quiet work. He always had at heart the interests of his constituency, and besides his assiduous attention to these was a useful public servant. His labours were unambitious, it is true, and of the sort which do not obtain much notoriety through public channels, but they were none the less useful. He did not aim, like his colleague, Mr. Charley—in whom doubtless Salford possesses a good member—at being a profound politician, or a versatile and ready talker. These are excellent aims in a man who feels that his powers lie in that direction, but the late member found scope for his abilities in doing the necessary work of the committee-room—work which is held in little esteem only because it is little known, and is carried on under the eclipsing shadow, so to speak, of the windy senate. Well, could all be known and appreciated, it would be acknowledged that Mr. Cawley served his constituency and his country well for several years, and now he is gone. His decease was bound to call forth from those who may differ from him in convictions a sincere tribute of respect and sorrow, but it would be affectation to say more on this part of the subject as it would be affectation to be silent altogether on the present occasion. In our workaday life there is little time to spare for mere sentiment, and business goes on as remorselessly as the rising and setting of the sun, whether men die or not. Men of business are not unfeeling because they go on with their work, any more than the sun is to blame for rising and setting, and striving to peep through closed shutters. Therefore we hold it to be in no way wrong or in bad taste, having given due expression to regret, to pass on to matters more mundane, since they appertain to life and its struggles. We have said that in electing Mr. Cawley, Salford made a choice which in its way was a good one, and was subsequently justified. There are, however, occasions when a borough is called upon to do more than merely elect a useful man, who will work hard and do it no discredit; and this, we think, is one of those occasions. A little more than a year ago there was an election in Manchester, and then the battle of politics was fought out manfully and fairly. At that time there was no great and salient question before the electors. There were, it is true, faint echoes of disestablishment wafted on the winds. That question was not then, as it is not now, ripe enough to be a test question in political strife. There was some talk about the treatment of fugitive slaves, and there was a general feeling of uneasiness and distrust in men's minds which bore its fruit in the result of that election. A good many of us are now able to estimate how just was the cause for that uneasiness and apprehension. Liberals and Conservatives alike, who remember the splendid series of meetings which took place last autumn in the North on the state of the Eastern Question, will be obliged to own to themselves, if not openly, that the present Government does not represent the feelings and aspirations of the country. A compact (we had almost said packed) majority in the House of Commons is not always a sign that the Ministry is trusted by the country. It must make many hearts sore to think that, after all the sympathy displayed by the English people, the Christians of the East of Europe should have been left to the tender mercies of the Turks by the British Government, their only hope now being in Russia—a hope that is certain to be fruit-

less whatever be the issue. Few will deny that it was the heartlessness of Lord Beaconsfield that left the Christians to their fate, and the vacillating policy of Lord Derby which drove them to seek refuge in the arms of Russia. In returning a Conservative, Salford would return a member for heartlessness and vacillation; there is no doubt of that. The Government, though strongly backed up, are in sore need of increased support, and it is for this that the appeal will be made to Salford as it has recently been to Halifax and Oldham. We all know how nobly those two boroughs stood the trial. Salford will be on its trial shortly. Let Salford do its duty. There are many individual issues on which we might rest appeal and encouragement, but we prefer to put it broadly. A Conservative Government, at all events at the present time, is neither good for the country nor does it represent the country, and Salford can do a great deal towards the demonstration of these facts.

A POPULAR PREACHER IN A HOLE.

WHEN a good man trips (and which of us, good or bad, does not trip occasionally?) the chances are that, from the very position formerly occupied by him, he is howled at far more than if he had been a successful malefactor. A few weeks ago it was our province, in consequence of some foolish sayings and doings of Mr. William Birch, junior, to write a short article, called "A Popular Preacher in a Fog," in which it was pointed out that Mr. Birch was unwise in straying into the misty regions of theological discussion when he was doing far better and more substantial work as a simple layman. Since then we grieve to see that a newspaper controversy has arisen in the columns of a daily contemporary on the subject of Mr. Birch's creed and teaching, and the effect which, it is hinted, they will have on the useful and generous work which he has been doing in connection with his orphanage. Now, in calling attention to this subject, in the first instance, it was far from our intention to hint that Mr. Birch had our bad wishes and opinion because he did not believe in the virtues of Abraham and the stories of Moses. It was rather intended to convey to him a gentle rebuke of his rashness and want of knowledge of the world in thus parading his convictions on subjects which the world holds to be of such paramount importance. We knew that, like other men, Mr. Birch had enemies both public and private, who in their zeal to turn a false step of his to their own advantage, would not scruple in the doing it to trample on a few helpless orphans dependent on the charity of their enemy. This is the only interpretation which we can put on the long string of correspondence adverse to Mr. Birch, which has appeared recently, though we are bound to add that Mr. Birch has found some defenders. Of the general wearisomeness of the whole controversy we need say little, because the public need not read it unless they like; nor have we any great sympathy with Mr. Birch personally, as he has got into the hole through his own indiscretion; but Mr. Birch's orphanage will no doubt, though unjustly, suffer considerably in its usefulness by the virulent perseverance of these self-sufficient scribblers, most of whom could be identified as persons who, before ever Mr. Birch repudiated Moses and Aaron, etc., were his declared opponents. One of these ridiculous and offensive scribes goes so far as to say that he has been long looking out for the end of the world, and that now he is convinced it is come because Mr. William Birch, junior, does not approve of the sacrifice of Isaac! He says that this preacher corresponds exactly to the description somewhere or other of certain "false teachers" who should

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arise in the latter days. It is needless to say that we do not believe in the imminence of a general cataclysm because a person who holds Sunday services in Manchester, and has established an orphanage, has doubts about the patriarchs. It has indeed long been our opinion that those very false teachers or prophets, foreshadowed somewhere or other, were nothing else than amateur correspondents of newspapers, who have certainly a tendency to increase and multiply to the confusion of honest folks. Perhaps it is not too late to appeal to the common sense of Manchester, and to ask it to recognise good work when it sees it, and not to go a-gaping at a man's beliefs about things which are better left alone. Whether it is better that a fatherless child should starve, or that it should be fed and clothed, even though its patron should disbelieve in Moses, and abhor the abominable character of Adonibezek? We are not inclined even to give these wretched people who are attacking Mr. Birch credit for sincerity. They only wish to damage his reputation, and perhaps to get their own insignificant names before the public, and they do not care much by what means they achieve their end. With them it would be useless to argue, for as long as they are permitted to have their fling they will continue to take it, but the public can be earnestly invited not to heed them, and to believe that even if a man were to disbelieve in every person mentioned in the Pentateuch from Adam upwards, his good work of providing for the fatherless here on earth would be not a bit less praiseworthy or effectual.

THE ABSURD ANGLER; OR, THE RECREATIONS OF COTTON.

How to angle for and dress the Chavender or Chub.

CHAPTER II.

Venator. Well, now let's to your sport of angling.

Piscator. With all my heart; though trust me, sir, there is not a likely place hereabouts.

Venator. I prithee, master, why is that?

Piscator. Scholar, I will tell you, since it pleaseth you to call me master, who am not worthy to be so designed. And first for the reasons; and I would have you to know that the streams hereabouts are so utterly choked and darkened by all sorts of abominations that no fish will live in them, which will in time prove the destruction of all rivers; and those very few that are left, that make conscience of the laws of the nation, and of keeping days of abstinence, will be forced to eat flesh, or suffer more inconveniences than are yet foreseen.

Venator. Oh, master, and it grieves me to hear it, for I had hoped to eat a trout to my dinner.

Piscator. Marry, and so you shall, if there be a trout to be had, and if not I doubt not to come by a lusty chub.

Venator. Oh, sir, a chub is the most villainous fish that swims.

Piscator. Trust me, scholar, if you do as I direct you he shall prove an excellent fish to enter a young angler, and not to be despised.

Venator. Proceed, I pray, unto the instruction, for I am longing to be at it.

Piscator. Mine honest scholar, I would commend unto you this saying—that patience is a virtue, both in those who like us are or hope to be anglers, and also in others who listen to discourses on that art; wherefore, I beg you therewith to possess your soul. Now to your question concerning the angling for a cheven or chub, and I would have you to know that since here the waters be barren, as it were, and unproductive, there be for your better taking of heart at least two sorts of angling—viz., in the water and on dry land, the which latter manner shall now be ours.

Venator. Stop, master, expound to me how a man can angle on dry land.

Piscator. I will now do so; and first for your equipment. Some

followers of this difficult art do recommend to use a hook of silver, but this shall not be our way at present, and I will now show you how it is to be done. As this—look you here, sir, do you see, but you must stand very still, and be as one who regardeth not. There lie on that slab or counter as many as twenty chubs. One of those I will presently bring to you, and the very biggest of the lot, and that without putting hand in pocket.

Venator. But, sir, those chubs, as you call them, methinks are fish of diverse sorts, and not chubs at all—

Piscator. Oh, sir, content you, all fish must be chubs which come to our net; but you will see that I will bring you one presently.

Venator. Ay, marry, sir, now you talk like an artist; but I doubt your performance.

Piscator. You shall not doubt it long, or be without fish to your supper; only go you a little way off, lest our appearance should cause suspicion.

Venator. I will hope well, because you seem so confident.

Piscator. Look you here, sir, there is a trial of my skill. Here he is, that very Chub which I told you was the biggest of all. For note that when one angles in this way it is as easy to catch a big chub as a little one, and more profit.

Venator. Sir, sir, I now see that you are a master indeed of whom any pupil may be proud, and now I also will catch a chub after the same fashion.

Piscator. Soft, I pray you, for this is not now any more a likely place, for I must tell you that your fishmonger is the most fearful of tradesmen, and abhors all land anglers and angling such as I have just practised, for, as I said before, just as there be land frogs and water frogs, and land rats and water rats, so also there be land anglers and water anglers.

Venator. Sir, I beseech you to instruct me how to be a land angler.

Piscator. Your request is granted. Go to any place where chubs do most abound, but not to the same place too often, for that would spoil sport, and meditate your plan as you go along the street. Then when you have reached a likely place, like to the one where I fished this morning, and again intend to fish, get secretly behind a corner or angle (whence this sport is called angling), and watch your opportunity until, without affrighting any person or engaging attention, you may secure your fish, to which end I wish you a quick eye and a steady hand.

Venator. But supposing I be found out?

Piscator. Oh, sir, every angler must stand some risks if he would eat Chub to his supper.

Venator. Truly, my loving master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish; I'll go and observe your instructions. . . . Look you, master, what I have done, that which joys my heart, caught just such another Chub as yours was.

Piscator. Marry, and I am glad of it. I now see that you will make an angler. Have but an appetite and I'll warrant you.

Venator. But, master, what if I had been found out?

Piscator. My scholar, I would have you to know that the proof of the pudding is, as they say, in the eating, and we will now go to a place, I know, where the hostess hath a chubby face, and will make of these chubs an excellent dish of meat.

Venator. Methinks, master, these same chubs have the savour of herrings.

Piscator. Well, and if they have, it is an excellent meat too, and not to be despised.

Venator. Master, master, here is one who would speak with us. He weareth a blue coat and an helmet.

Piscator. E'en let it be so; we shall now learn the pleasures of adversity and plain living. [To Policeman.] Have with you, sir, we follow you.

(To be continued.)

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SATAN ON A STATE CHURCH.

SCENE.—Hades. Saturday night. ADAM and EVE out shopping. Meet SATAN. Mutual greetings.

Adam. Well, old Sin, what are you travelling to and fro for?

Satan. Oh, I'm looking about for a good American meat stall.

Adam. What, have they got that rubbish below already?

Satan. They've got one stall, and it's playing the deuce with the rest of the butchers.

Eve. My love, hadn't you better let me go with him, and get a good bargain, while you get your Sunday's newspapers?

Adam [aside]. Not if I know it. Didn't he cook your goose when we were all three vegetarians? I'm not to be done twice—even though cheap meat's in the case. Good bye, Satan!

Satan. Good bye, Adam! Glad to see you've gone in for an Ulster. Think her ladyship looked better without petticoats. All a matter of taste, of course. By the way, do you ever read the Manchester Examiner and Times?

Adam. Sometimes.

Satan. Ah, there was a Welsh disestablishment meeting in Manchester the other night will interest you. Chairman, in Welsh of course, said the Dean of Bangor argued that the pair of you originally belonged to a state church. Did you?

Adam. Did Eve when you first saw her wear a ch—?

Eve. My love!

Adam. I mean a polonaise?

Satan. Hem, such things didn't exist at that time.

Adam. Why?

Satan. Because there were no fashionable dressmakers to make them.

Adam. Nor did there exist any state churches.

Satan. Hem, again, but why?

Adam. Why? Ask Eve.

Eve. Because we hadn't any pious ancestors to endow 'em.

HINTS ON MAKING PROLOGUES.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

FROM a weekly paper I clip two specimens of this kind of composition, one written by Mr. Tom Taylor and the other by Mr. Fox Turner. Strictly speaking, Mr. Taylor's was not a prologue, but an address, spoken in the course of the evening on the occasion of the Compton benefit. I shall only give one extract from it, in order to prove, on the authority of one of the greatest humorists of the day, that it is not absolutely necessary for a prologue, or rhyming address, to contain either wit, humour, meaning, grammar, verb, or nominative case:—

"Tis for the player but a graceless part
To press the claims of actors or their art;
Most in this place, which I so long have known,
So quick and kind the claims of both to own;
And here, where late your Church's reverend head
Sound sense with Christian charity has wed,
Asking for art, e'en on the stage, its due,
And honouring in the art the artist too.
True servant of that art was he who lies,
Forbid himself to seek your sympathies;
Yet surer of them that he cannot ask,
But leaves his needs and us the willing task."

Judged by the above specimen, it would be thought that the writing of prologues, etc., was the easiest thing in the world, the writer being bound by no rules in heaven, in earth, or under the earth. Take, for instance, the lines beginning "And here," etc., down to "artist too," and you will see that the flow of the versification is not in any way interfered with by attention to absurd rules, an advantage of which style of writing is that the reader or listener is just as wise at the end of the sentence (if that

can be called a sentence which contains neither verb nor nominative) as he was at the beginning. There is hardly a line or passage of any length in this extract, or indeed in the whole effusion, which does not exhibit the same admirable qualities of simplicity and force. The rhymes may safely be left to speak for themselves. The next copy of verses in the same column is an example of the manner in which goodness of sentiment may be smothered by attention to that very grammar which Mr. Taylor so heroically defies. The extract appended is from a prologue written by Mr. Councillor Fox Turner for the De Trafford Dramatic Club:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen: In days gone by—
Though where the days have gone to, know not I—
Our custom was, for better or for worse,
To link your arms with hymeneal verse,
To place you in captivity betimes,
Caught by the lasso of our opening rhymes,
And now once more, no matter who resists,
We place the couplet handcuffs on your wrists."

I pass over here the infusion of metaphors in order to remark that these lines are marred by the fault of being intelligible throughout. It would be a good exercise to transform them by a stroke or two of the pen into Taylorian couplets, and observe how much they gain in beauty, as under:

Ladies and Gentlemen: The days gone by—
Though know the days have gone to where not I—
We arm your links and hymeneal verse
When place you in captivity betimes,
Caught by the lasso of our opening rhymes;
And now once more, no matter who resists,
To place the couplet handcuffs on your wrists.

The obvious advantage of this rendering would be that the reader would feel inclined to read those verses over again, which he would hardly do with the original. The next two lines in this poem, if they were a little less polished in the way of versification, would be quite worthy of the editor of *Punch*:—

"Ours whilst to-night the mimic scene you grace,
And watch the mirror held to Nature's face,
A sad conclusion you should now be knowing—
The Trafford Club has given over growing."

It is not every one, however, who can keep long on the same level with Mr. Tom Taylor, for Mr. Turner spoils what has gone before by continuing:

"Childhood has drifted past, and youth gone by—
The shorter jacket and the whimpering eye;
The time of toffy sinks into the past,
Too sticky, and too beautiful to last.
Our rounded manhood this occasion greets,
And you are here, the first fruits of its sweets.
If our majority be fairly won,
Give us three cheers—seven times—for twenty-one.
Bid us in future years be true, good men,
And come and test your maxims now and then."

The lines about the toffy are sweet and imaginative, but if the test of poetry is unintelligibility, the palm must certainly be awarded to the Cockney poet. One more extract, and I have done:—

"Our path dramatic, since we met before,
Has had its rougher places smoothed o'er;
By genial words of wisdom all the brighter,
As issuing from a bishop's honoured mitre."

Oh, Mr. Fox Turner, what rhymes be these? and what poet ever imagined of words issuing from a mitre? Why not from his boots or apron?—but then "apron" does not rhyme to "brighter." I had nearly forgotten the confusion of metaphors in the first extract given between lassoes, handcuffs, and couplets. Lassoes, Mr. Turner, are not used to catch men and women, neither are handcuffs placed upon beasts. Mr. Tom Taylor would never have let his imagination lead him so far astray. Never mind, you have run him very close, indeed you have.

* That is, has attained its twenty-first year.

LAIRITZ'S FINE WOOL OIL.—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER testifies to its great efficacy. PHILADELPHIA and Eight other
Prize Medals awarded. Certain cure for Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 27, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists; in bottles from 1s. 1/4 upwards.

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That Captain Bolton had evidently got out of the wrong side of the bed as he was in a lovely temper, and wakened all the barmaids at the Queen's and Royal Hotels—by giving orders—not for something hot.

That the only people in good spirits just now in Salford are the bill-stickers.

That Dizzy has been making April fools of us.

That the Queen is now on her way to Manchester in one of Carter's removing vans, hired specially for the purpose.

HOW SIR JOSEPH WAS MADE AN APRIL FOOL!

TIME, MARCH 31ST.

The Earl of Beaconsfield's study at Hughenden. The Noble Earl discovered yawning in an arm-chair. He soliloquises:—

Ah, well, it's a weary world, all work and no play, and more kicks than halfpence; and the Manchester folks have actually encouraged Oldham to return a Radical. Salford would be sure to do the same if anything happened to Charley. It is a weary world, and no fun at all since I became a peer. Stay, I have it! [slapping his leg] I'll take a rise out of old Joseph Heron and the Manchester folks if I die for it. To-morrow is the first of April! [He cogitates awhile, and sits down to a table where there are a supply of telegraph forms.] I think this will do. [He reads.] "The Earl of Beaconsfield to Sir Joseph Heron. Have seen her Majesty; proposal most favourably received; expect further particulars by letter."

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Sir JOSEPH HERON rushing into Mayor's study with telegram.

Sir Joseph. It's all settled; she's coming; just got a telegram.
 The Mayor. You don't say so; and I shall be knighted after all Sound splendid, won't it? "Sir Abel Heywood."

Sir Joseph. Hem!

The Mayor rushes out and informs Ward, Councillors Griffin, Thompson, Fox Turner, and Alderman Warburton. The news spreads like wild fire.

Sir Joseph. What a pity there are no Sunday papers in Manchester.

TIME, APRIL 1ST.

Sir Joseph Heron's study. Sir JOSEPH opening a letter.

Sir Joseph. Ha, Beaconsfield has kept his word! [He reads.] "Corporation—earnest desire—hum—municipal palace—hum—satisfaction—hum—graciously pleased—hum, hum—desires—" Ha! [he turns blue] this must be some wicked hoax. That villain Ward! or old Griffin! but they would never dare —

N.B.—After two days' delay the letter was authenticated and sent to the papers.

FOX TURNER OVER THE RUINS OF KNOT MILL FAIR.

PAST is the revel, gone the frolic rare
 That wont to grace the immemorial fair!
 That fair, that fun, methinks I see them still—
 The ancient pride and glory of Knot Mill!
 On peedless spree the Councillor embarks,
 And even Aldermen are up to larks
 Upon this spot; methinks I see him now.
 In canvas housed I view the five-legged cow;
 The fattest female in the world, hard by,
 Displays her vast proportions to the eye;
 Some gaze and wonder, more adventurous some
 Would gauge her quality by rule of thumb;
 The City Ædile from the bench levants,
 To view amazed the monstrous elephants.
 While thus engaged I deem it not a sin
 To prod the gazer gently with a pin;
 He turns, and rubbing dolefully the place
 Surveys the public with a queer grimace,
 While I meantime to other spots repair
 To taste the further pleasures of the fair.
 What need for more? The days are at an end,
 No longer thus we yearly can unbend;
 From year to year our funless days we plod;
 The glory has departed—Ichabod!

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WE have been requested to publish the following letters, but we are bound to protect ourselves by saying that we do not endorse some of the opinions which they contain:—

Whalley Terrace, Brooks's Bar.

Dear Mr. Jackdaw,—Will you considerably allow an injured wife to give vent to her feelings in your columns? I had made up my mind for an outing on Bank Holiday, and you perhaps will guess my surprise when, after returning from church on Sunday evening last, my husband—the brute—at supper complacently informed me that he was compelled by volunteer duty—he being a corporal in the Second Manchester Rifle Volunteers—to go to Dunstable to join in the review and sham fight. I opened a volley on him which he couldn't well meet, and so he retired to bed as I thought defeated. Imagine my intense indignation the next morning when I called upon him to ring for the servant at five o'clock to find that he was non est. His nightcap was stuck up on the pillow, and a little note upon it with the words—

Go where duty calls thee.

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LUCY RAMBOD.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

Orderly Room, Second M.R.V., Ardwick Green.

Sir,—I give you fair warning that if you insert anything derogatory to the Second Manchester in your *Jackdaw* of this week, I'm blessed if I don't call you out—to have a drink. Say something strong about only one Manchester volunteer regiment having the pluck to go to the review, and don't make any jokes about Sir Joseph Heron being one of our most eligible recruits.—Yours to command, CAPTAIN ADJUTANT BOLTON.

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THE following is a verbatim report, unvarnished, of a scene which took place in the Salford Borough Police Court on Tuesday:—

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Sir John. God bless me! isn't that a game of skill?

Kirk. Well, some folks would call it so.

Sir John. Oh, no doubt of it. I play at skittles—I mean people play at skittles every day, and the police don't interfere. This man has a "taw," and people try to knock it down. Prisoner, I hold this is a game of skill; you can go.

Prisoner. Taw-taw, Sir John! Long life to you! [Aside.] Wonder why the police don't pull up the betting-men before Sir John. Don't think he could have any doubt that betting is illegal.

MORAL SONG.

[FOR THE SALFORD POLICE.]

LET brutes delight to kick and bite,
For 'tis their nature to;
Let roughs and blackguards love to fight,
For crime has made them so.

But peelers, you should not permit
Such angry strife to rise,
Nor each the other strive to hit,
And give and take black eyes.

Intoxication is a sin
With which the law doth fight;
When folks get drunk you run them in,
But you should not get tight.

Unseemly conduct riot makes,
As each policeman knows;
He acts not well a jug who breaks
Upon a comrade's nose.

From these remarks we hope you'll learn
The duty which you owe
Unto the public, would you earn
The pay which they bestow.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

SINCE the Corporation have been snubbed by the Queen, and, as wicked rumour has it, been made April fools of, the best thing they can do is to take possession of their "palatial structure" as soon as possible, without making any further rumpus about it. If Sir Joseph Heron is the man we take him to be, he will absolutely refuse to subject himself and his clients to the chance of any more rebuffs from Royal Personages, or from any person of high degree whatever.

THROUGH the medium of a limited liability company which has been formed, it is hoped that there will be cultivated among the working classes of Oldham a new method of using their feet. Oldham has now got a skating-rink, the advantages of which are not intended, as is usually the case, to be restricted to the genteel. The experiment was undertaken by

several gentlemen, who saw in it a profitable means of investment. The company was satisfactorily floated, and an excellent rink erected, in which the people of Oldham disport themselves. Hitherto the result has been most encouraging.

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ONE good result seems to have come out of the late Church Mission. The streets and public-houses are much as they were, and we do not suppose that morality in business haunts and on 'Change has gained very much; but the vestry meetings (with the exception of St. John's, Miles Platting, where a teacup storm prevailed for a little while) have been conducted with unwonted decency and order. The veteran pouthouse Protestant, Mr. Teare, did his little utmost to get up a shindy in the Manchester meeting, but somehow there was peace and quietness in the air, and Mr. Teare succumbed for want of backers. At St. John the Baptist's all have agreed to live in unity as Christian brethren, and the hatchet of the Orangemen has been buried. Some members of the defunct P. P. C. doubtless sniff the battle afar off, and sigh for the old days of riot and strong language; but peace and love have prevailed in the hearts of men, and many cotton-spinners and publicans are, we understand, beginning to shudder with apprehension at the thought of a coming millennium, when there shall be no more trade dealings, and spirituous liquors will not be required.

STRANGE to say, the only answer which we have received to our liberal offer last week by means of the coupon system has been a jocular one. From a gentleman whom we have strong reasons to suppose a sabbath-breaker we received on Monday morning a letter, dated Fool's Head Alley, asking that our engraving might be sent, and enclosing a cheque, which on inspection turned out to be an ingeniously contrived fraud. It is enough to make us swear never again to attempt benefitting our fellow-creatures by coupon or otherwise. It is to be hoped that our benevolent designs have not been frustrated by the accidental choice of the first of April as the date of the coupon. Yet we do not know how otherwise to account for the singular apathy of the public. The gentleman who spent his Sabbath hours in elaborately preparing a cruel hoax for us is evidently not aware of those sad emotions which are the result of good intentions scorned, and kind deeds frustrated. We have the engravings by us as so much rubbish on our hands, and as a last appeal we offer them at half price to our readers. This is genuine.

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 Upon this spot; methinks I see him now.
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 The fattest female in the world, hard by,
 Displays her vast proportions to the eye;
 Some gaze and wonder, more adventurous some
 Would gauge her quality by rule of thumb;
 The City Edile from the bench levants,
 To view amazed the monstrous elephants.
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 To prod the gazer gently with a pin;
 He turns, and rubbing dolefully the place
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FOGIE PAPERS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

ON AN OLD HAT.

THE hat, of course, is my own, for I would not be so rude as to make remarks on the hats worn by other people. No, I value my own independence too much for that. I do not care what I wear myself, nor do I care what anybody else wears. I know, of course, that it would not do for everybody to hold these opinions, for the result would be national bankruptcy. Somebody must buy new hats and coats and boots, if only it be for the good of trade, but I leave this duty to other people; and the hatters might all go mad, and the tailors perish, for any patronage which they receive from me. Why should I buy a new hat when my old one serves every purpose which a hat may serve? My friends tell me that it does not look respectable. I scorn the word. Why do I wear a hat? The answer is, as a covering for my head to shelter it from the fury of the elements. That is the only sensible answer. If I did not require some such covering for the purpose I should not wear one at all, but as for respectability a fig for the phrase. Some of my friends remind me that in this world people are "judged by appearances," but it is against this very judgment that I protest. They say that I "should look much nicer" if I had a new hat. Oh, shallow judgment! Oh, most empty criticism! We talk about women putting on finery, and adorning themselves, and adopting a hundred false airs and graces, and there is some excuse for them, poor things; but the idea of a man in the company of men being judged by the hat which is on his head, and the quality of the cloth on his coat! "Tell me what a man wears, and I will tell you what he is," is the maxim of the world; and the man who is well dressed and sleek will have crowds of friends, as the world goes, who will buzz about him and admire his bedizenment. That is one reason why I am so fond of my old hat. It is as good a test of friendship, almost, as a five pound note. If any man wishes to test the value of a friendship he has formed, let him either take to wearing a shabby hat or ask the loan of a five pound note. If all his friends stand either one proof or the other, he will be a happy individual. Without vanity, I may say that I am not at all a bad looking individual, and I have some inward accomplishments, and I quite shudder to think what a number of friendships I should have fancied myself to have formed had I been always what the world calls "careful of my appearance." I often, I say, congratulate myself on my escape from this calamity (whether by temperament, or from what other cause, I know not), for all my life, as far as I can remember, I have been careless in my attire, and especially in the matter of hats, and now my motto is, "Love me, love my tile." Stay, though; I think that when I was young and foolish, and engaged in a certain pursuit, from which the lives of few men have been altogether exempt, I may have taken the trouble to "fig myself out," as the saying goes, but I have more wisdom now. The ladies—God bless them!—have far more penetration than men. There are very few of them who will judge of a man by the age of his hat, or the wearing or not wearing of gloves. I have no doubt that when I used to spend fabulous sums at the hosiery and tailor's, and have my hair and whiskers done at the barber's, somebody used to detect and smile at the artifice. Men are boobies in these matters compared to women. You shall dress up a fool in a swallow-tail coat and a white choker, with all the other paraphernalia, and place him in a company, and it is only the women who will detect him. It is only the men, the thick-headed, sordid, selfish, vain, conceited, arrogant men, who will detect wisdom in an expanded shirt-front, and all the virtues in lacquered boots and gold studs. It is just the same with hats. If I were to go a courting now (which I am not likely to do) I should not buy any new hat at all, for when I stand in the presence of a woman I am before a perspicacious judge. If a woman would have me (there was once a woman who wouldn't, but no matter), if, I say, a woman would have me, I am quite sure she

would not care twopence about my hat. As for men, I have a few friends who have stood the test, quite as many as I want to have, and I would not buy a new hat (as long as my old one was comfortable) to please any man on the face of the earth. This simple creed, the enunciation of which has been caused by contemplating my old hat, has stood me hitherto in good stead, and I suppose will serve to the end of the chapter.

"SARDANAPALUS."

THERE can be no doubt that great care and taste have been expended on the present production at the Theatre Royal, and in the sentence just penned nearly all that it is possible to say in the way of criticism is summed up. There are, however, a few observations which we are bound to make in justice to an effort or experiment which must be acknowledged as a remarkable one. Playgoers in search of amusement will, we think, find "Sardanapalus" rather a slow affair. In the first place, the play—or, rather, poem—is one singularly ill-adapted for stage representation, even when the opportunities given for effect are taken into consideration. Of these opportunities it must be owned that Mr. Calvert has made the most; and even the public of Manchester, who know pretty well from experience what can and can not be done with tinsel and coloured fires, will not be disappointed by the spectacle provided. Coloured fires and tinsel can doubtless do a good deal in skilful hands, but the play which put on the stage without them would be dull, sapless, and almost unintelligible, will hardly be made attractive to the general playgoer by such means. "Sardanapalus" is a work with which, except in a vague way, scarcely any one is familiar. Even as a poem it is somewhat dreary reading, and the verse in this instance seems to have been used by the poet rather as a vehicle for bringing to light certain deep and rebellious thoughts than for that of amusement or even instruction. Take, for instance, the following passage:—

Sardanapalus. That's true, my Myrrha; and could I convert
My realm to one wide shelter for the wretched,
I'd do it.

Myrrha. Thou'rt no god, then, not to be
Able to work a will so good and general
As thy wish would imply.

Sardanapalus. And your gods, then,

Who can, and do not?

Myrrha. Do not speak of that
Lest we provoke them.

This is a condensed sermon of the heterodox kind such as Byron loved to preach, and takes the reader's mind far away from the catastrophe which it is intended to foreshadow, and which immediately follows—namely, the storm, the breaking up of the banquet, and the announcement of rebellion. In fact, the difference between "Sardanapalus" as read and as beheld on the stage is that, for the reader, the situations are rendered commonplace by comparison with the sentiment, while in the play the sentiment is altogether dwarfed by the vividness of the situations. Seeing that the original edition as it stands is incapable of being acted, it stands to reason that the acting edition should be unreadable. One more general observation, and we will pass to matters of detail. The play is uninteresting, because nine-tenths of the people who will doubtless throng to see it will not have the remotest notion of what it is about. Byron wrote for those, and those only, who could understand the motives, and grasp the historical associations involved; but it is greatly to be feared that in spite of eagles and two-headed bulls, and all the rest of it, and gorgeous dresses, people will go away regarding the great climax of the drama as little better than a sort of glorified Guy Faux exhibition without the squibs and crackers. Coming to matters of detail, we must award to Mr. Calvert unfeigned praise for his acting in the title rôle. His elocution is especially praiseworthy, and might advantageously be studied as a lesson in the art of pronouncing blank verse. Without for a moment allowing the audience

to forget that it is verse to which they are listening, he manages to eliminate entirely the abruptness and singing manner of utterance which are usually associated with this class of dialogue. He also identifies himself thoroughly with the character he represents, and the whole is an admirable piece of acting. Miss Fanny Enson, as Myrrha, displays much grace and feeling, though, while acknowledging the appropriateness of a comely figure and rounded limbs to the character of a Greek slave, we would suggest that this young lady makes rather too much of her personal charms, and in the desire of displaying her arms to advantage occasionally forgets the exigencies of the play. This, however, is a small fault. Miss Hathaway, as Zarina (the queen), is painstaking, but with all her care scarcely avoids crossing here and there the border line between the passionate and the ridiculous. The rest of the company acquit themselves fairly, but not so as to deserve individual mention. The scenery is bright, handsome, and accurately drawn according to the models which are supposed to be correct. The perspective in one or two of the scenes is especially fine. The dresses are costly and tasteful, and are said to be modelled on those of antiquity. On this point we confess ignorance. We are not quite able to express an opinion either as to the correctness of the coiffures, not knowing whether the ladies of Nineveh were in the habit of parting their hair in the middle. Sardanapalus himself wears a flowing head of hair thus parted, which has a dubious look; but perhaps the original monarch was thus adorned—perhaps he was. The final conflagration is as well managed as it would be possible to manage anything of the kind. There are, however, several incidental explosions, which seem rather suspicious as occurring several thousand years before the invention of gunpowder. In conclusion, we cannot help speaking of this production of "Sardanapalus" as a marvellous and well-managed piece of stage effect from first to last, and as such we honestly commend it to those who care for such displays.

PRINCE'S THEATRE: "JO."

THE chief impression left on our mind by this performance was that Miss Jennie Lee is a very clever young lady, who has been lucky enough to find a gold-mine. There is no doubt that her impersonation of "Jo" will obtain as great a share of popular favour here as in London, and this for the very reasons which would induce a just critic to deal harshly with it. It is only fair, in dealing with a production which displays so conspicuously the elements of popularity, to say this much before proceeding to dissection, and it is just possible that had it not been for the tremendous anathema pronounced by Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, upon soft heads and hard hearts, we might have refrained altogether, and contented ourselves with adopting the popular view of a piece of acting which is at all events harmless in its nature from beginning to end. This would undoubtedly be the easiest way to deal with the subject, for, viewing it with the critical eye, we could find much to praise and little to blame in Miss Lee's performance. Now, it is easy to praise, and not difficult to blame. Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, however, has been too good to see "Jo," and has arrived at some conclusions about it which we are sadly tempted to correct. He opines that Miss Jennie Lee preaches "a sermon on the grace of pity, and that those who witness the performance with dry eyes have weighty cause to apprehend that their hearts are as hard as their heads are soft." We venture to cap the dictum of the professor by asserting that any person knowing anything about acting who has read Mr. Blackie's criticism, and seen the performance in question, would have "weighty cause to apprehend" that, in spite of his reputation, Professor Blackie is an ass. It is not his fault, however, that his utterances have filled the local advertisement columns, and given so much employment to the talents of the local billsticker. Therefore we will leave this part of the subject. Judged then by a hard-headed and soft-hearted critic, who does not blubber, Miss Jennie Lee's "Jo" is an

impersonation which is as great a caricature of the "Jo" of Dickens as Dickens's "Jo" was on the original street arab. The acting is pathetic in places, it is true, but the pathos is purposeless, and while it displays admirably the versatile powers of Miss Jennie Lee is utterly worthless as an illustration of character. One half of the performance is in fact clap-trap, and claptrap of the grossest description; but at the same time it would be unfair to exclude mention of genuine touches of nature which peep out here and there in the worst phases of this singularly uneven performance. In this respect Miss Lee's rendering is occasionally more natural and more powerful than that of Dickens himself. It is in the passages which the actress herself seems least to appreciate that her powers are, to our mind, best displayed; and it is only when the pathetic is exchanged for the subdued, or the exalted for the impudent, that the faintest resemblance to the familiar street arab of our acquaintance can be detected. We have wasted many words, if the impression is not conveyed, that this performance is a clever and remarkable one, but its claims to be considered a great work of art, or a "sermon," or a thing to make us weep, or anything of that sort, we utterly deny. Miss Lee will make by it that kind of fame which means money, and this in these days must be regarded as success.

With regard to the play itself, though of course sadly mangled by the adapter, it is put on the stage with care and taste. The set scene in Sir Leicester Dedlock's house is excessively good. Though the thread of the story is utterly lost, the actors manage to introduce into the play a good deal of fun of the sort which Dickens loved. There is a very capital and especially laughable scene in the third act between Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby, Chadband, and Guster, which must have been very carefully rehearsed, and is capitally contrived, though the imprint of Dickens is absent. Mr. C. Cartwright's Chadband is a first-class rendering of a difficult part, though tending irresistibly to bring out the utter falsity of Dickens's satire and caricature. Guster is represented with spirit by Miss Laura Lindon, and a similar remark applies to the Mrs. Snagsby of Miss Steele. Hortense, the French maid, is correctly rendered by Miss Drummond. The company, in fact, is throughout an even one, and evidently well selected and well trained. Space fails us, or we might mention with commendation the Bucket of Mr. J. P. Burnett, the Guppy of Mr. C. Steyne, and other characters.

EASTER PANTOMIME AT THE QUEEN'S.

FOR the revival of the custom of producing "Easter pieces" we have to thank the management of the Queen's Theatre, especially in the name of the children, though grown-up persons will find plenty to gratify them in the spectacle of "Puss in Boots." When the pantomimes were running on for many weeks gratitude was expressed to the Queen's for providing something in the way of variety, and now the pantomime comes in as a pleasant relief to the ambitious adaptations which are placed on the rival boards. "Puss in Boots" is acted almost entirely by children, and it may be added by clever children. There is plenty of fun and frolic for the youngsters in front to be amused by, and it is worth noting that young children who are often frightened by observing the rough antics of grown-up people on the stage will not at all be disturbed by beholding antics which are in harmony with their own nursery life. The scenery and effects are capital, and the libretto is smartly written, the story being adhered to with commendable closeness. The pretty little lady who enacts Puss in Boots, the hero, deserves commendation for her self-possession and general work. Miss Flora Clitherow will doubtless find this a first-rate training ground for a profession which presumably she has adopted for life. It is hardly possible, under the circumstances, to mention any more names, but Miss Camille D'Elmar and other members of the stock company lend able and vivacious assistance. This pantomime will be truly an enjoyable and harmless treat for children, and one not to be despised by those of maturer years.

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POOR OWLD OIRELAND!

"AND who the devil is the Prisdint of the Wisleyan Conference?"

We like to begin in our own way. The question was asked by as thorough a going Irishman as you will find in Manchester, as he was reading over a local newspaper on the Exchange the other day. We repeat the question ourselves. Is the Rev. A. M'Aulay an Irishman or a Scotchman, or is he both? Whatever may be his nationality, he unquestionably entertains a sort of antipathy to the Irish people, and Popery seems to stick in his very nostrils. Presiding at the annual meeting of the Wesleyan missions, on Easter Monday, he ventured to say that Ireland ought to be a great country, but somehow Popery prevented its development. Mr. President of the Wesleyan Conference must either have been asleep for years past, or he is a great perverter of facts. Everybody admits that Ireland is a great country, and that Popery has proved a blessing to—Irishmen. But possibly Mr. M'Aulay may not agree with us as to the phrase "blessing." We will try to define, so as to give him an opportunity of saying whether he approves of our ideas or not. Hasn't every Irishman the right to tell a lie, and get forgiveness from his priest? Hasn't every Irishman the right to crack the skull of his nearest relative, and never a policeman is expected to interfere? Are not all the women in Ireland pretty, and are not all the Irish potatoes boiled in their jackets? Then remember the whiskey. Talk of Popery and the effects of Popery, Ireland must be a great country, though we are open to admit (the suggestion is from Father Gadd, one of our staff) that Popery may have a tremendous effect in keeping Wesleyanism out of Ireland. But perhaps the Irish don't think that a grievance.

HEEDLESS YOUTH.

AH, days of youth for ever past!
 Ah, happy days that could not last!
 We did not pause, my Jane and I,
 To moralise as time slipped by;
 My joy was hers and hers was mine,
 I plucked for her the Eglantine,
 And as beneath the thorn we sat
 I never thought she would grow fat.

Her form was slim and full of grace,
 She had, I thought, an angel face,
 The dainty accent from her tongue—
 Ah well, ah well, we both were young.
 I thought that she was made to charm,
 And when around her waist my arm
 I half-invited longed to fold,
 I never thought that she could scold.

And when I got her sire's consent
 I thought not I should e'er repent
 The vow I made unto my Jane
 ("Twas at a picnic in a lane).
 "And do you really love me now?"
 Said she; said I, "Just hear my vow,
 I more than love you, I adore"—
 I knew not then that she could snore.

THE EASTER MONDAY REVIEW.

[BY A VOLUNTEER WHO WAS THERE.]

MY reason for going to the Easter review was twofold. I wanted a day's out, which I got to my heart's content; and I wanted to be in a position to tell the *Jackdaw* all about it, which I am just about to do. What a day we had! Up at four o'clock in the morning, and up all the day, and then up all the following night some of us, recovering from the ups and downs of the day—what a time we had! You should have seen us in the early morning in front of the Infirmary, or, to be more correct, beside the Queen's Hotel, which it is necessary to say was closed. Publics

generally do seem to be closed when they ought to be open, but that by the by. There were buglers blowing their cheerful horns, there were stragglers for whose especial benefit the performance of the buglers was ordered, and there was the main body of the regiment in loose order, though not half so loose as in the evening. One thing I noticed, and it shows so much presence of mind on the part of the Manchester volunteers that it should be named, I think. Nearly every man had remembered to bring a flask with him, and if ever a street water fountain was of signal service it was the one before the Infirmary on Monday morning, for if it hadn't been for its friendly stream there would have been no help for it but to drink neat spirits, and we should then have been a neat lot at night, shouldn't we? As about two score of us were falling out at the fountain as to who should come first to the tap, the signal came for us to fall in, which we hastened to do with signal unanimity. In a few more minutes every man of us was on the way to the London Road Station, where the trains were waiting for us. It was by the L. and N.W. (which it is necessary to say means the Long and Nasty Way) that we travelled. The distance was very long, but the L. and N.W. had made as much provision for our convenience as they possibly could, and we were carried not only with punctuality, but with comfort. That's saying a good deal. In the course of five hours or less we had run the distance to the review ground, including the necessary stoppages to allow the men to fill their flasks, which by some mysterious agency, by leakage or carelessness, or an operation called, scientifically, imbibition, had become empty. When we got to Stanbridgeford we were in pretty good order. The colonel had lost a spur, but never lost his head, and spurred his men to do their best by example and precept. Soon afterwards the sham fight commenced. We were in the defence, acting on our motto of *Defensio non provocatio*. Nevertheless, we had enough to do all the day. Lord Ranelagh was our brigadier, and he marched us about so that we were in and out of the field like a dog in a fair, and we occasionally seemed to know about as much of what we were doing as our brigadier-general. But somehow or other we never turned our back on the enemy, and at intervals we got a chance of a shot at our foes, but very seldom. Ours was to march (it was for others to use powder) up hill and down, rambling over ploughed fields, tumbling over fences, jumping over ditches, and scrambling over chalk pits, creating a good deal of fun for us. We sometimes got sat down quietly munching a bit of lunch, but no sooner had we begun than an order came that we were wanted on the right flank, or the left flank, or somewhere else, and we had to pocket the grub and the annoyance, and off to the aid of our friends. Some of our men left their haversacks in the train, and in consequence had a melancholy train of thoughts all the day. But we jogged on somehow. Those who had shared their possessions and those who had not were content with what they could get. After the fight we marched past, and you have already been made acquainted with how we did it. It is a great pity we were not allowed to march past in column, as we should have shown the Southerners what marching was. After the march past there was the march to the station and the ride home, which we accomplished in good time all right. A fifteen miles' march over ploughed fields, with half a foot of soil sticking to your boots at every step, and a railway journey of well on to four hundred miles, is no light day's work even for volunteers, who seem to be thought capable of superhuman exertions of muscle and mind, and patience and appetite. We kept up our name, and that is all we wanted to do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

E. B.—Thanks; the article was crowded out.

Erin-go-bragh.—Erin go bray!

We are unavoidably prevented from dealing with other valued correspondents until next week.

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